And plead my paſſions for *Lauinias* loue. (peace.
Moore. Clubs, Clubs, theſe louers will not keepe the
Demetrius. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunſing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate growne to threat your friends:
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your ſheath,
till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while ſir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well ſhalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demetrius. I boy, grow yee ſo braue? *they drawe.*
Moore. VVhy how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours Pallace dare yee drawe,
And maintaine ſuch a quarrell openlie?
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
the cauſe were knowne to them it moſt concernes,
Nor would your Noble Mother for much more,
Be ſo diſhonoured in the Court of Rome.
For ſhame put vp.
Demetrius. Not I till I haue ſheathd,
My Rapier in his boſome, and withall
thruſt thoſe reprochfull ſpeeches downe his throat,
that he hath breathd in my diſhonour here.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full reſolude,
Fowle ſpoken Coward, that thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darſt performe.
Moore. Away I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,
this pettie brabble will vndoo vs all:
VVhy Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
VVhat is *Lauinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſcianus* ſo degenerate,
that for her loue ſuch quarrels may be brocht,
VVithout controulement, iuſtice, or reuenge.

Young

Young Lords beware, and ſhould the Em
This diſcords ground, the muſicke would
Chiron. I care not I, knew ſhee and all t
I loue *Lauinia* more than all the world.
Demetrius. Youngling learne thou to ma
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Moore. VVhy are ye mad? or know yee
How furious and impatient they bee,
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your dea
By this deuiſe.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thouſand deaths woul
to atchiue her whom I loue.
Aron. To atchiue her how?
Demetrius. VVhy makes thou it ſo ſtr
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woode,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woonn
Shee is *Lauinia*, therefore muſt be loude.
VVhat man, more water glideth by the mil
Than wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is,
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know:
Though *Baſcianus* be the Emperours broth
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Moore. I and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Demetrius. Then why ſhould he diſpaire
VVith words, faire looks, and liberalitie.
VVhat haſt not thou full often ſtroke a D
And borne her cleanlie by the Keepers no
Moore. VVhy then it ſeemes ſome certai
VVould ſerue your turnes.
Chiron. I ſo the turne were ſerued.
Demetrius. *Aron* thou haſt hit it.
Moore. VVould you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tirde with this ado
VVhy harke ye, harke ye, and are you ſuch